The Double Diſguiſe.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

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The Double Diſguiſe,

A

COMIC OPERA

IN TWO ACTS:

AS PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

THE *SONGS*

SET TO MUSIC

By Mr. *HOOK.*

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MDCCLXXXIV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Lord Hartwell..... *Mr. Barrymore.*

Sir Richard Evergreen..... *Mr. Parſons.*

Tinſel..... *Mr. Dodd.*

Sam.... (*a Poſtillion*) ..... *Mr. Burton*

W O M E N.

Emily.....*Miſs Phillips.*

Miſs Dorothy Evergreen.....*Mrs. Hopkins.*

Roſe.....(*an Iriſh Waiting-Maid*)....*Mrs. Wrighten.*

Servants, &c.

The Double Diſguiſe.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room at an Inn. TINSEL *and* SAM *diſcovered.*

SONG. *Tinſel.*

I.

YOU may talk as you pleaſe of grandeur and pow'r,
But, give me a plenty of caſh:
'Tis money alone will enliven each hour,
Tho' gravity calls it but traſh.
For money the lawyers call forth all their wit,
And the law for your uſe turn all ways;
For money the judges at Weſtminſter ſit:
Then to money be given all praiſe.

II.

When ſickneſs prevails, and the doctor you ſee,
Then the value of money both feel.
When a tinker, turn'd preacher, high-mounted you ſee;
'Tis money inſpires his zeal.—
Our lords and great men on the woolpack diſplay
All their eloquence, monies to raiſe:
If ever the national debt they ſhou'd pay,
Then to money be given all praiſe.

——Aye, Sam, money will do all things.—Why, ſimple as we ſtand here, what is wanting but money to make us as fine gentlemen as the beſt of them—as for your part you are poſitively an elegant fellow.

Sam.

Sam. Why, to be ſure, Mr. Tinſel, if we had the money—we ſhou'd be neither of us amiſs.——You have poſitively a vaſt deal of wit.——But what is wit without money? 'Tis like a bridle without a bit—'tis like a chaiſe without horſes—'tis like a whip without a laſh—'tis like——

Tinſel. A truce with your damn'd ſtupid ſimiles, and tell me, what is money without wit?—Give me wit, ready wit.

Sam. Ready money will paſs more current by half tho'.

Tinſel. What wou'd you ſay, Sam, if my wit was to put you in the way of getting money—much money—plenty of money.

Sam. O any thing, I'd ſay or do any thing (the law on my ſide) to get money.

Tinſel. Then liſten, and be rich.

Sam. I'm all ears.

Tinſel. You muſt aſſiſt me in a ſcheme.

Sam. Any thing—every thing—but, Tinſel, you muſt inſure my neck.

Tinſel. Nay, Sam, 'tis only to lie—lie with a good grace this once—and be a dull ſneaking matter-of-fact fellow all the reſt of your days.

Sam. O never fear me—I cou'd lie from my infancy——I took it naturally.

Tinſel. You know, Sam, about a fortnight ago, you drove *me* and my lord from Suffolk-Street, Charing-Croſs, to this inn.

Sam. True.

Tinſel. Recollecting that he had left ſome papers of conſequence behind him—he return'd the next day on horſeback—leaving us with the carriage, and all that———

Sam. Well he did ſo.

Tinſel. I believe you are perfectly acquainted with his buſineſs in this part of the country, where he has never yet been.

Sam. Yes, yes—you told me as how he was going to be married to a lady he never ſaw—and that, moreover you ſaid—you thought he came with an unwilling kind of a willingneſs.

Tinſel. I thought ſo, by the manner he receiv'd the news—we were then in Paris—ah! ſweet Paris—'twas there I finiſhed my education.

Sam. Finiſhed your education—— Oh, and pray where might you begin it?

Tinſel. In a company of ſtrolling players; where I learn'd to ſpeak and act with propriety——but, it was in Paris I learn'd that ſort of idle elegance, ſo pleaſing to the ladies.

Sam.

Sam. Ladies ——— O Lord! O Lord! (I wou'd not be in his place when the moon changes.) [*Aſide.*

Tinſel. 'Twas there I learn'd to dance—gods! how I can dance—I ſhot a pretty brunetta by a random ſtep.

Sam. A random ſtep.

Tinſel. O yes—a grace beyond the reach of art—and ſo I won Brunetta's little heart—ha, ha, ha, 'twas the prettieſt little leering rogue. *(Dances.)*

Sam. But, Mr. Tinſel, you forgot our money-matters, I'm afraid.

Tinſel. I have not forgot my laſt new ſtep. *(Dances.)*

Sam. I ſay, Mr. Tinſel, I'm afraid you have forgot our money-matters.

Tinſel. Gadſo—ſo I did—where was I?

Sam. In Paris—dancing without grace.

Tinſel. Ah, ſo I was—ſo I was——You muſt know then—an uncle of my lord's, by his mother's ſide, that he had never ſeen ſince he was a child, died while we were at Paris, and left him a fine eſtate here in Somerſetſhire, where he had long reſided—provided he married a little country doxey, a god-daughter of his—who has beſides a large independent fortune.

Sam. Good.

Tinſel. Yes, the fortune's good—very good—but, I believe, my lord has no great fancy for the incumbrance—for he did not wear his mourning with that cheerfulneſs one might expect.

Sam. I ſuppoſe he is not oblig'd to marry her.

Tinſel. Why, no—not abſolutely oblig'd—but he is to forfeit one half of the fortune, if the refuſal comes from him—but, to buſineſs——— I have juſt received a letter, by which I find my lord cannot return this week—which gives us time to make our fortunes.

Sam. Make our fortunes—as how, pray?

Tinſel. Why, Sam, you are dull—horrid dull—dull as a loſing gameſter! Why I intend to go to Sir Richard Evergreen's, which I find is not more than fifteen miles from this place; perſonate my lord Hartwell; marry the lady; and———

Sam. Ha, ha, ha—you paſs for a lord—that's good—good, ifaith—ha, ha, ha—I ſhall laugh myſelf fat.

Tinſel. Come, come, Sam, be merry and wiſe, there is a tide in the affairs of men, as Shakeſpeare tells us (and he knew a little) which, if once loſt, can never be recovered. —The tide now ſerves, to your oars my lad, and tug away,

Sam.

Sam. I'm afraid we ſhall have a hard tug with the wind and tide againſt us.

Tinſel. Well, well, tug away this once—then reſt upon your oars for life—I have wrote a letter—here it is—in which I modeſtly acquaint Sir Richard, that I, lord Hartwell, am at this place—he, of courſe, invites me to his houſe—I marry the lady—and ſettle an annuity on you.——'Tis as ſoon done as ſaid, Sam.

Sam. I cannot help laughing, ha, ha, ha.

Tinſel. What does the fool laugh at? Do you think, I, that can dance *alamode de Paris*, cannot accoſt a lady; or, do you ſuppoſe, that I, who have play'd the parts of Barbaroſſa, Cato, and Abel Drugger, till the barn has been ready to tumble over my head with applauſe, cannot make love to a country girl.——In vain have I ſtudied to act kings and princes, if I cannot repreſent a lord—why, you ſimpleton, 'tis the eaſieſt thing in the world—a mere walking gentleman, with picktooth converſation, or rather no converſation at all—what, you are laughing again.

Sam. Well, indeed I will not laugh any more (if I can help it.) [*Aſide.*

Tinſel. Since I have been here, I have inquired into the family-affairs, and find, that the girl, beſides her fortune, independent and dependent on her father, has great expectations from an aunt who lives with them, one that has ſpent the laſt twenty years of her life in repenting the follies of her youth; an arrant old maid, who has read romances till her brain is turn'd.

Sam. But if we ſhould be diſcovered.

Tinſel. If we ſhou'd we muſt turn it off as a joke.

Sam. But if they ſhou'd turn us off the other way—or ſuppoſe they ſhould lick us!

Tinſel. Lick us! (vulgar dog) *aſide*, I ſhould be glad to ſee the man that dare attempt ſuch a thing; zounds! I'd kill him and eat the raſcal!

Sam. That's right; promiſe to eat all you kill I beſeech you.

Tinſel. Why do you ſuppoſe, you ſneaking dog, that I have no metal in me?

Sam. All metal—a man of metal—braſs from head to foot.

Tinſel. Well, well my lad, if you follow my advice we ſhall accompliſh the tranſmutation without the philoſopher's ſtone; my braſs will be converted into gold, and you and I converted into good gentlemen.

Sam. But if the lady ſhou'd refuſe you.

Tinſel. Refuſe me! that's good—refuſe me!

SONG.

SONG.

Tinſel. I can dance and ſing and chatter;
I can flirt and I can flatter;
Then why ſhou'd the lady refuſe me.
I can ſhake my elbow neatly;
I can drive a phæton ſweetly;
Pray ſhew me a lord that outdoes me.
Small talk to be ſure they expect from a lord,
With ſmall talk I fancy I'll fit them:
White teeth they expect—and at every word
Thus ſimp'ring their beauty ſhall hit them.
Da Capo. I can, &c.

Exeunt Tinſel and Sam.

SCENE II. A Garden.

Emily, Solus.

SONG.

In vain I ſeek the lonely grove;
In vain I ſhun all ſocial joys:
For here I meet the tyrant love,
Whoſe cruel dart my peace deſtroys.

This is ſure the moſt unfortunate circumſtance, to take a fancy to my father's ſteward, who I have not known a fortnight; and that juſt at a time when I was to have been introduced to a huſband of my father's choice, if I may ſo call a man he never ſaw. My worthy old godfather little thought how much uneaſineſs he was bequeathing me when he took meaſures to make me one of his own family. Cupid, offended becauſe he was not conſulted on this buſineſs, has certainly thrown this misfortune in my way—there is ſomething ſo amiable and gentleman-like about the youth, that I cou'd almoſt adopt my old romantic aunt's notions, and imagine him a nobleman or gentleman in diſguiſe. Heigh ho! I have certainly acted imprudently however, in giving him an opportunity to declare himſelf my lover till I had more rational authority for ſuch a ſuppoſition. I carefully avoided him all day yeſterday, and will if poſſible for ever.

Enter Roſe.

Roſe. What! all alone by your own dear ſelf: O my ſweet little jewel of a miſtreſs, I have found you out!

Emily. I ſee you have.

Roſe. But you do not underſtand my meaning madam; have found out that you are in love.

Emily. You have.

Roſe. Troth I have, honey.

Emily. And how did you make this wonderful diſcovery, Roſe?

Roſe. Faith and troth, the ſame way that wiſer perſons than myſelf find out failings of their neighbours. I judge by myſelf.

Emily. Then you have been in love by your own confeſſion.

Roſe. Oh, you may ſay that; hang it, never look ſo ſorrowful, but open your heart, and it will eaſe you mightily.

Emily. Why, Roſe, I think I may truſt you.

Roſe. To be ſure you may, and never repent it—faith and troth, you may truſt little Roſe with all the ſecrets of your heart.

Emily. Lady O'Halloran, when ſhe left you with me at Bath, told me you were ſenſible, affectionate, and honeſt.

Roſe. Oh, to be ſure ſhe did without any partiality at all, at all! for ſhe was nurs'd by my mother, and ſo ſhe is my foſter-ſiſter—but to have made ſhort of the matter, ſhe might have ſaid that I was an Iriſh woman.

Emily. I thought that politeneſs was more the characteriſtic of the Iriſh than ſincerity.

Roſe. O, my dear miſs, in the little I have ſeen ſince I croſs'd the ſeas, I have obſerv'd many that brag of their ſincerity, while their only reaſon for telling diſagreeable truths is, to gratify the rancour of their own hearts—but you will always find an Iriſh woman as willing to make others happy as ſhe is to be happy herſelf—oh, they are merry little creatures!

Emily. I obſerve, Roſe, that you boaſt more of the good qualities of your country women than of your countrymen.

Roſe. Oh, then, indeed you wrong my meaning mightily! but I need not ſay much for my countrymen, faith they can ſpeak for themſelves, and they are mightily belov'd wherever they go—I am ſure at Bath they are all the faſhion with widow, wife, and maid.

S O N G.

I.

Each pretty young miſs, with a long heavy purſe,
  Is courted, and flatter'd, and eaſily had:
She longs to be taken for better or worſe,
  And quickly elopes with an Iriſh lad.
To be ſure, ſhe don't like a briſk Iriſh lad,

II.

II.

The wife, when forſaken for bottle or dice,
Her dreſs all-neglected, and ſighing and ſad,
Finds delight in ſweet converſe, and changes her ſighs
For the good-humour'd chat of an Iriſh lad.
To be ſure, ſhe don't like a briſk Iriſh lad.

III.

The widow, in ſorrow, declines the ſweet joys
Of public amuſement, in ſable all clad.
The widow, her twelvemonth in ſorrow employs;
Then haſten to church with an Iriſh lad.
To be ſure ſhe don't like a briſk Iriſh lad.

Emily. Leave me, Roſe, I ſee Henry coming this way and want to give him ſome orders—wait on the terrace and I ſhall follow you in a few minutes.

Roſe. Oh! to be ſure you don't redden in the cheeks at all, at all—but mum. *Exit.*

Emily. He has turn'd down another walk I ſee, not obſerving me. Ah! my fond heart rebels, and prudence at the ſight of Henry yields to love. Am I to blame?—The lovely youth, to every perſonal charm, adds a ſoft elegance of manners, uncommon even in the higheſt ſtation; his education has, I'm ſure, been liberal; fortune then alone is wanting. I will again converſe with him, and try to learn how a man, with his elegant accompliſhments, cou'd ſubmit to his preſent humiliating ſituation—there is ſurely ſome myſtery in it, which I will, if poſſible, draw from him.

S O N G.

I.

When firſt I met young Henry's eyes,
His boſom heav'd with tender ſighs;
His eyes ſo bright, and ſighs did move
My heart, to give him love for love

II.

But when my praiſe he ſweetly ſung—
Such honey'd words dropp'd from his tongue:
In vain againſt ſuch charms I ſtrove.
I gave my Henry love for love.

III.

III.

If truth adorns the gentle ſwain,
No more of fate ſhall he complain;
While all my actions fondly prove,
I give my Henry love for love.

Enter Lord Hartwell.

L. Hart. My deareſt Emily!

Emily. Deareſt Emily! upon my word, ſir.

L. Hart. Overjoy'd that I had at laſt gain'd the wiſh'd-for opportunity of ſpeaking with you alone, forgive me if I forgot.

Emily. 'Tis plain, ſir, you have forgot the difference of our ſituations.

L. Hart. How cou'd you ſo cruelly avoid me yeſterday?

Emily. Convinc'd of the impropriety of my late conduct, I confeſs I did endeavour to ſhun you; and by that means avoid a repetition of what was as unfit for me to hear, as you to utter, in your ſituation.

L. Hart. If I was ſure my ſituation was your only objection, and that I was not diſagreeable to my beauteous Emily, I ſhou'd be the happieſt man in the world.

Emily. How?

L. Hart. I will confeſs the truth: I am not what I appear, but—

Emily. But what?

L. Hart. The happy lord Hartwell, deſign'd by your father and my late worthy uncle to be your huſband.

Emily. To what purpoſe this diſguiſe?

L. Hart. Though convinc'd by this miniature of your beauty, I cou'd not reſolve upon a marriage with a woman whoſe manners might be truly diſguſting, I therefore determined to ſee and converſe with you, and if I had not found you all lovely, as you are, I was alſo determined to pay the forfeiture without ſhocking your delicacy, by letting you ſuppoſe I had ſeen and diſapprov'd.

Emily. I am all aſtoniſhment! but how did you contrive to—

L. Hart. I ſet off about a fortnight ago from London; on my arrival at a village, about fifteen miles from this, acroſs the country, I ſtopp'd at the principal inn—told my ſervants I had forgot ſome papers of conſequence, and ſet off, as they ſuppos'd, for London; inſtead of which I went to the houſe of Mr. Sharp, the attorney, who you know receiv'd my uncle's rents.

Emily.

Emily. O! I know him very well—'twas he that recommended you to my father.

L. Hart. I made myſelf and my doubts known to him, and he being well convinc'd of your powerful attractions, knew alſo it was a certain way to fulfil the will of his late friend and benefactor; he therefore conſented to introduce me into the family as ſteward, being employed by ſir Richard to procure him one: in that humble ſituation I have had an opportunity of obſervation, which as a viſitor I cou'd never have had. At the firſt glance your beauty won a heart, which ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, wit, and accompliſhments, will for ever keep enſlav'd.

S O N G.

When beauty's ſmiling queen alone,
  Prepares the ſilken chain of love,
The ſlave not long love's pow'r ſhall own:
  For time will beauty's chain remove.
But when Minerva lends her aid,
  With magic ſpells each link is join'd.
Tho' light as roſy wreaths they're made,
  Enſlav'd for life they hold mankind.

Enter Roſe in a Hurry.

Roſe. O, my dear miſs, here is ſir Richard and your comical aunt coming this way talking very loud.

L. Hart. Let us retire my love; I wou'd not be interrupted now for the world. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Richard and Miſs Dorothy.

Dor. Sir Richard? ſir Richard! I'm ſhock'd at your indelicacy! what marry an infant, as I may call her—and to reſolve upon it without giving her lover time for hopes and fears; he ſhou'd ſigh away whole ages before.

Sir R. But, hold Doll—do you conſider the conſequence of ſighing away whole ages?

Dor. The conſequences! what conſequences?

Sir R. Wrinkles, Doll, wrinkles; why, damn it, you want her to be like yourſelf, an old maid—but I hate to be rude.

Dor. An old maid, brother!

Sir R.

Sir R. Yes: an old maid—I hope you don't diſclaim that title for a worſe.

Dor. Go, you rude monſter, wou'd you marry your daughter to the firſt that offers?

Sir R. Aye, to be ſure, for fear ſhe might never have a ſecond offer—you know that was your caſe when you was about twenty; I remember it perfectly, tho' it is many, many years ago.

Dor. Well, ſir, to the point if you pleaſe, we do not want to know how long.

Sir R. Why, you know you had an offer and might have been well married—but you, forſooth, baniſh'd the young man for ſeven years, truly, becauſe he had preſumptuouſly declar'd his paſſion out of the forms your romances laid down: damn all romances, I ſay!

Dor. To be ſure, ſir Richard, there is a delicacy and decorum.

Sir R. Damn all delicacy and decorum! but it does not ſignify talking, I expect my friend's nephew, lord Hartwell, every moment—he is ready to fulfil his engagement; and my daughter muſt and ſhall obey, for fear he ſhou'd do as your lover did.

Dor. And what was that pray?

Sir R. Why, he left you to repent your delicacy (falſe delicacy I mean) and decorum—and there's wrinkles for you as I told you before—tho' I hate to be rude.

Dor. Rude, brother Richard, why I am aſtoniſh'd at your impertinence! but indeed one ſhou'd not be ſurpriz'd at any thing you do or ſay, after the very wiſe determination you have made of giving your daughter a huſband—a new baby-houſe wou'd have been a more ſuitable preſent.

Sir R. I'll be ſworn ſhe does not think herſelf too young for a huſband, any more than you think yourſelf too old for one; matrimony is look'd upon by the women as their natural home, where one day or other they muſt all come—the young think they are never too young, and the old think they are never too old. *Ecce ſignum*—but I hate to be rude. *Exit.*

Enter Emily.

Emily. What, in the name of good fortune, my dear aunt, have you been doing or ſaying to my father? he ſeems quite out of temper.

Dor.

Dor. He is always out of temper if one talks reaſon to him. So, miſs, I hear your baby huſband is expected.

Emily. Oh, this has been the ſubject of your debate then! I own, my dear aunt, I did feel ſome reluctance to this marriage; but I don't know how it is, I find myſelf now as willing as my father wou'd have me.

Dor. Willing! mercy on me! the age grows more and more indelicate every day—but my advice is never attended to—ſo I leave you to repent it your own way. *Exit.*

Enter Roſe and Lord Hartwell.

(Both laughing, Ha! ha! ha!)

Roſe. What a comical old creature it is.

L. Hart. Let us not waſte a thought upon her—my lovely Emily! I ſhall immediately make myſelf known to your father—there is no occaſion for further diſguiſe where love and truth preſides.

G L E E.

Lord Hartwell, Emily, and Roſe.

Fair truth, thou bright auſpicious pow'r,
To thee we humbly bend the knee;
'Tis thine to bleſs th' hymenial hour,
All ſocial joys we ſeek in thee.
Thy ſmile ſerene ſhall cheer our way,
Tho' clouds or ſtorms ſhou'd intervene;
Thy ſmile, fair truth, ſhall bleſs each day,
And brightly gild each future ſcene.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

Scene, a Parlour.

Sir Richard, and Tinſel (diſguiſed as Lord Hartwell) diſcovered.

Tinſel.

I Don't know how it is ſir Richard, but I have been frequently complimented on the family likeneſs.

Sir R. Not a whit: you are no more like the family of the Hartwell's (no diſparagement to your lordſhip) than Harrico, my ſiſter Dorothy's monkey; but I hate to be rude—come, come, let me ſee, *(putting on his ſpectacles)* your mother had a fine hazle eye, but your's is of a queer walnut caſt; then ſhe had a high forehead, a Roman noſe, and——but 'tis no matter, you are ſtill leſs like your father than your mother: you have a whimſical phyſiognomy indeed, my lord, egad. But come, don't let me put your lordſhip out of countenance with yourſelf—it is for my daughter, and not me, to take exceptions to your perſon—ſit down, ſit down; I'll ſtep and ſee where ſhe is. (A damn'd queer face, indeed, but I hate to be rude) *aſide.* *Exit.*

Tinſel. So far ſo good—a whimſical old fellow this with his family face. I hope the young lady will not be ſo ſcrupulous about the family likeneſs. She comes, ſhe comes to crown my wiſhes.

Enter Roſe.

Roſe. (Well, to be ſure, I always ſaid that one handſome man was worth a thouſand of theſe lords—O honey! O honey! what a creature it is—I'd rather marry a bog-trotter without ſhoes or ſtockings.) *Aſide.*

Tinſel. My dear.

Roſe.

Roſe. Sir—

Tinſel. Did you ſpeak?

Roſe. Oh no—I ſaid nothing at all, at all, to be ſure. (I hope he did not hear what I was thinking.) [*Aſide.*

Tinſel. (A little Iriſh girl, by all that's ſavage—O, this muſt be the waiting gentlewoman—here I'm more at home—ſhe is exactly the kind of thing I like.) *aſide.* How long have you been caught my little dear? [*Taking hold of her hand.*

Roſe. Long enough to know a fool when I ſee him.

Tinſel. Can you love me, you little devil you?

Roſe. Mercy on me, my lord, I thought you came here to marry my young lady.

Tinſel. So I did: I came to marry her, and fall in love with you.

Roſe. Oh, then, faith you came to mighty little purpoſe, honey.

Tinſel. Why ſo?

Roſe. Becauſe, my miſtreſs means to marry a man—and I hate ſtrange faces.

Tinſel. (O, the devil! ſhe don't like the family face neither.) *aſide.* Come, come, confeſs the truth; you don't diſlike my face ſo much, as you like ſome happier ſwain.

Roſe. O you may ſay that.

Tinſel. Come, tell me who he is—what is he like?

Roſe. I can't ſo well tell you what he is like, but 'tis all the ſame, I ſuppoſe, if I tell you what he is not like.

Tinſel. O, exactly.

Roſe. Then he is not like you at all, at all, faith and troth, honey.

Tinſel. Moſt likely, but I can do more for you than he can, perhaps: I can give you fine clothes, jewels, and a palace fit for a queen to live in: I die for that little round unthinking face of yours.

Roſe. O, keep your fine things for her who has a heart to ſell; while I enjoy my Paddy's love and a clean cabin on the banks of Killarney.

S O N G.

I.

On the lake of Killarney, I firſt ſaw the lad—
Who with ſong and with bagpipe could make my heart glad:
And his hair was ſo red, and his eyes were ſo bright—
They ſhone like the ſtars in a cold froſty night.

So tall and ſo ſtraight my dear Paddy was ſeen—
Oh, he look'd like the fairies that dance on the green.
On the lake of Killarney, I firſt ſaw the lad—
Who with ſong and with bagpipe could make my heart glad.

II.

All the girls of Killarney wore green willow tree—
When firſt my dear Paddy ſung love-tales to me;
Oh, he ſung and he danc'd, and he won my fond heart:
And to ſave his dear life with my own I wou'd part.
On the lake of Killarney, &c. [*Exit.*

Enter Miſs Dorothy Evergreen.

Tinſel. What a vixen! (Gadſo, I am taken by ſurpriſe—— what tawdry old devil have we here——O, this muſt be the romantic old aunt——well, I muſt talk to her in her own ſtyle, a little.) *aſide.* What more than earthly light breaks upon my ſight—ſo breaks the morning o'er the wond'ring Weſt——I preſume I ſee Miſs Evergreen—the faireſt maid my eyes e'er ſaw—vouchſafe, moſt divine divinity, to ſmile and make me happy.

Dor. My lord, my lord, I am no divinity: but, as you ſay my ſmiles can make you happy——dread the effects of my frowns.

Tinſel. Excuſe the ſally, my pretty miſs; it was inſpir'd by your incomprehenſible charms.

Dor. (What an air accompanies all he ſays and does—tho' an old maid—as my kind brother was pleas'd to call me this morning: I find I have ſtill charms to ſtrike at firſt ſight.) [*Aſide.*

Tinſel. (A thought comes into my head—as an old maid is eaſier had in the way of marriage than a young one, I give up the idea of being my lord's rival; for I find this old tabby has moſt of the ſpankers.) *aſide.* I fear my faireſt fair that I have, preſuming on the purpoſe of my viſit, declar'd the rapture of my heart too ſuddenly for your delicacy; but who can behold ſuch beauty and be ſilent.

Dor. Why, my lord, is it poſſible that you conceive me to be your intended bride.

Tinſel. Moſt certainly, or I muſt be wretched for ever.

Dor. Why, it is my niece that my brother has hitherto deſigned for your wife.

Tinſel.

Tinſel. Never, never—I ne'er felt love till now—and ſhall I, in the firſt moment of my joy, give up the hope of happineſs eternal! ah, no: moſt lovely fair, behold me at your feet, imploring, kneeling, dying—I live and die for you—(the devil's in it if that won't do for the old cat.) [*Aſide.*

Dor. O heavens! what can you expect from me? (O, I wiſh my brother ſaw this.) [*Aſide.*

Tinſel. My happineſs from you, and you alone.

Dor. But decorum and delicacy, my Lord, requires time: whole years, I flatter myſelf, wou'd not be ill-ſpent to gain a heart like mine.

Tinſel. (O the unreaſonable old ſnap-dragon.) *aſide.* But ſurely this is loſing a great deal of time, or ſpending it to very little purpoſe.

Dor. How, Sir: do you think it wou'd be to little purpoſe, if you gain'd the lady's hand at laſt?

Tinſel. O no, no, no; I don't abſolutely mean ſo—but when a man loves as I do—he cannot brook delay.

Dor. Indeed, my lord, I don't know what to ſay to you: you know our ſituation; it is a delicate one: I bluſh to own your perſon and manners have made an impreſſion upon my tender heart: but, do you conſider the forfeiture? half the eſtate.

Tinſel. The whole eſtate, my angel, rather than reſign my happineſs—lovers all but love deſpiſe—ſhall we be happy?

SONG.

I.

How ſwift our time will paſs along—
When Hymen crowns our bliſſes—
The hours we'll tell with cheerful ſong,
The minutes count by kiſſes.

II.

We'll dance and ſing, we'll ſport and play,
No joy like lovers bliſſes—
With melting muſic wake the day—
And keep the time with kiſſes.

Dor. Well, well, my lord, there is no reſiſting; but I fear you will change your mind, when you ſee my niece.

Tinſel.

Tinſel. When I prove falſe to thee, may my beſt hopes forſake me.

Dor. I'll ſee my brother, and endeavour to ſoften matters a little.

Tinſel. Name the happy day.

Dor. Indeed, my lord, I——

Tinſel. Shall it be to-morrow.

Dor. To-morrow—heavens and earth, to-morrow—well let it be ſo—from this time I have no will but your's. (I muſt retire and endeavour to recover from the confuſion this confeſſion has thrown me into.) *aſide.* Adieu, my lord—— (An old maid, indeed!) *aſide.* [*Exit.*

Tinſel. Thus far we ruſh before the wind, as king Thinga'me ſays in the play; but I'll follow her cloſe, and not loſe ſight of her, till ſhe and her moveables are mine. [*Exit.*

Scene, a Garden.

Lord Hartwell and Emily diſcovered.

Lord H. How ſweet the ſun-beams play o'er the current of of yon ſtream——how ſweet the zephyrs ſporting on each hawthorn hedge, perfumes this beauteous ſpot——ſweet the eglantine, and ſweet the roſe——but not ſo ſweet, my Emily, as mutual love.

SONG and DUET.

I.

Lord H. Hark, my fair, thro' every buſh,
Songs of rapture fill the grove;
The linnet ſweet and tuneful thruſh
Warble tales of mutual love.
Songs of rapture fill the grove,
Warbling tales of mutual love.

II.

Emily. Hark, o'er yonder flow'ry plain,
How ſweetly cooes the plaintive dove,
The ſimple dove my thoughts explain:
All innocence and mutual love.
How ſweetly cooes the plaintive dove,
All innocence and mutual love.

III.

III.

Both. May Cupid hear our vows of truth,
And grant thoſe vows propitious prove.
No joy I wiſh in age or youth,
Unbleſt with thee and mutual love.

Emily. Well, my lord, your ſcheme was certainly a good one; but ſuppoſing you had not lik'd me, or I had not lik'd you, which, you know, was poſſible.

Enter Roſe, in a Hurry.

Roſe. Madam, madam, Sir Richard deſires you will be pleaſed to walk into the houſe, as my lord Hartwell is juſt arriv'd.

Emily. How, Sir——what am I to think of this——I fear your ſcheme was deeper laid than I, in the innocence of my heart, imagined.

Lord H. What can be the meaning of all this!

Emily. You ſeem confus'd, Sir.

Lord H. Why, to be ſure, madam, I am a little aſtoniſh'd: but ſurely no change of ſituation can alter the ſentiments you have juſt now profeſs'd for me in ſo ſolemn a manner.

SONG.

I.

Ah why, my love, that falling tear—
My tender doubts and fears remove:
If thou art juſt, I ſtill am dear,
While true to thee and true to love.

II.

What tho' no title grace my name,
If you my artleſs flame approve:
Such gaudy trifles I diſclaim;
Still true to thee and true to love.

Emily. The conflict's over——take my hand, Sir——with a man of your ſentiments I cannot be unhappy——my ſimple education has not given me a reliſh for the pleaſures of high life——I do not wiſh for them——and am determin'd to ſhare your fate, however humble.

Roſe.

Roſe. That's right, that's right——now, you are the generous good creature, I took you for: ah, my dear lady, how happy you have made me—love for love, ſay I, and a fig for fortune! I have ſeen this fine thing of a lord; he has been making love to me, truly——but he is no more to be compared to Mr. Henry———

Lord H. Roſe, you are a girl of ſpirit, and ſhall be rewarded for the generous concern you have expreſſed upon my account; my ſweet Emily, I know, will join with me in encouraging ſentiments that flow pure from nature, and charm by their ſimplicity. Where did you pick up this little Iriſh ruſtic?

Emily. My ſervant left me while at Bath, and an Iriſh lady whom I viſited requeſted I wou'd take Roſe into my ſervice till her ladyſhip's return from Paris, where ſhe intended ſpending ſome months, as Roſe did not underſtand the language; ſhe might have ſtay'd with my aunt at Bath, but the Bath air did not agree with her.

Roſe. Oh, it did not agree with me at all, at all; and I am mightily obliged to you for taking me away from it, for I am certain, if I had liv'd there till this time, I ſhou'd have been dead long ago.

Emily. Well, Roſe, if you prefer this country to your own, I ſhall be glad to make it as agreeable as poſſible to you.

Roſe. O, my dear miſs, I ſhall be mighty ſorry to leave you; but little Ireland and the man I love, before all the world!

SONG.

I.

For the graſſy turf o'erhung with willow,
Where reeds and oziers fringe the lake,
At early dawn I left my pillow,
One among the merry maids to make;
The firſt of May,
So blithe and gay,
Where the merry, merry maids a Maying go.

II.

One drooping willow form'd a bower—
Where Paddy's voice ſoon caught my ear;
The morn was ſweet, and ſoft the hour,
But ſweeter far his ſong to hear.
Of me he ſung,
My praiſes rung,
Where the merry, merry maids a Maying go.

III.

III.

When troops of village lads and laſſes,
Hail'd and crown'd me queen of May,
My Roſe, he cry'd, each maid ſurpaſſes;
So ſhall my love feel no decay.
Then vows of truth
I gave the youth,
Where the merry, merry maids a Maying go.

[*Exit.*

Lord H. Thy truth ſhall be rewarded, ſweet Roſe.——How happy am I, my deareſt Emily, that you will be no loſer by a generoſity that makes me the happieſt of men. I am, as I before told you, the very identical lord Hartwell, deſigned for your huſband.

Emily. Then who can it be that uſurps your name and title?

Lord H. Indeed I know not—but who have we here——as I live, my poſtillion!——from him I hope for ſome explanation.

Enter Sam.

Sam. Zounds! my lord——by all that's unlucky—nothing in the world, my lord, but a frolic——an innocent frolic of Tinſel's. He thought while your lordſhip was in London, he might amuſe this family in diſguiſe a little——that's all, I aſſure you, my lord, that's all.

Lord H. Diſguis'd! I am aſtoniſh'd.

Emily. I find, by this fellow's confeſſion, that you are the true lord Hartwell, and no counterfeit; which, upon my father's account, gives me great pleaſure; and I feel myſelf in ſuch perfect good humour upon the occaſion, that I cannot help interceding in your ſervant's behalf——come, my lord, you muſt not let anger come acroſs this happy hour——you muſt ſuppoſe this frolic as innocently meant, as it is like to prove in its conſequences.

Lord H. Begone, ſir, and thank this lady that you come off ſo eaſily——and, do you hear, ſir, as you value your ears, ſay not a word of this to Tinſel.

Sam. O, no, my lord, to be ſure: mercy on us! what a commence! [*Exit.*

Lord H. Sir Richard, as I live, I'll away and change my dreſs; which, I foreſee, will produce ſome ſport, if Tinſel is not appriz'd of my being in the houſe—adieu, my love. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sir Richard.

Sir R. Why, girl! where have you been? I have been wand'ring about the gardens and grounds this hour ſeeking you: why, my girl, there has been my lord Hartwell in the houſe I don't know how long—and by this time, I dare ſay, is quite impatient to ſee you.

Emily. The gentleman you mention, ſir, I think cannot be very anxious about a perſon he never ſaw——I am ſure I am perfectly indifferent about him.

Sir R. Emily, Emily, zounds! what is the meaning of all this——you won't pretend to diſlike a man you never ſaw——

Emily. No, ſir, nor will I pretend to like a man I never ſaw——if, as my aunt ſays———

Sir R. Let me not hear another word upon the ſubject.

Emily. Dear ſir, you will not hear me——I am all obedience, and am as ready to marry lord Hartwell, as you can deſire: he has been with me till this moment, and is only gone to change his dreſs.

Sir R. Change his dreſs! what a coxcomb!

Emily. Indeed, ſir, I think him a moſt agreeable man.

Sir R. (That's more than I do.) *aſide.* That's well, that's well: and pray, did he ſeem to be mightily pleas'd with that baby-face of yours?

Emily. Indeed, ſir, he ſaid much upon that ſubject——but men, *you know*, will flatter.

Sir R. Yes! and women, *I know*, will believe——but I hate to be rude.

SONG. *Emily.*

Amidſt a thouſand ſighing ſwains,
Ne'er hope one true to find—
Soft tales of love, and artful ſtrains
Oft hide a fickle mind—
Each hill, each grove,
Where lovers rove;
Each purling ſtream, each noontide ſhade,
All, all declare,
How falſe men are,
How females are by love betray'd.

Sir R. Aye, aye, child, 'tis very true; but you are in no danger of being betray'd or deceiv'd, for, to do our ſex juſtice, they ſeldom endeavour to betray any but the poor and unprotected.

Enter

Enter Miſs Dorothy Evergreen.

Sir R. Hah! Dorothy, are you there? I have been running about the grounds, the Lord knows how long, hunting for my daughter; but my lord has been more ſucceſsful, he found his love, and has been converſing with her this half hour.

Dor. Yes, brother——he has found his love——and, tho' delicacy requires a longer time, yet has he gain'd the hand and heart of her he adores.

Sir R. Why, I tell you, Dorothy, I am better pleas'd to find the young folks like each other; but was determined at all events, to keep my word with my late worthy friend, his lordſhip's uncle.

Dor. I am ſorry, dear brother, for your diſappointment; nor ſhou'd I have conſented, but I fear'd the lovely youth wou'd have fallen on his ſword.

Sir R. What the devil is all this? I don't underſtand a ſingle ſyllable of it!

Emily. I believe, ſir, I underſtand my aunt.

Dor. Sir, to be ſhort with you, my lord Hartwell prefers me, an old maid (as you vulgarly call'd me this morning) to your beautiful daughter—has declar'd his paſſion, and vow'd eternal truth.

Sir R. Why, how now, Emily!—did not you ſay you had a long conference with my lord?—ſure he does not mean to marry you both!

Emily. I told you, ſir, if I might believe—

Sir R. Zounds! he's a man of buſineſs I find—ſpends no idle time. I ſuppoſe, by this time, he has declar'd the violence of his paſſion for Doll, the dairy-maid—and Phœbe, the houſe-maid—

Enter Roſe.

Roſe. —And Roſe, the waiting-maid.

Sir R. The devil he has!

Roſe. Oh! he has indeed.

Emily. Falſe man; he vow'd to live for me alone.

Roſe. He ſwore he'd die for me.

Dor. For me he vow'd to live and die.

Sir R. Why, what the devil am I to make of all this! the fellow has not been in my houſe two hours, and he has gain'd over every female in the family already!

Roſe. Oh, indeed, I believe he is a mighty great rogue.

Sir R. A rogue!

Roſe. As great a rogue as ever I ſaw in my life—the preſent good company excepted.

Sir R. O! we are prodigiouſly oblig'd to you for the compliment—but here comes my lord to anſwer for himſelf.

Dor. Aye, here comes my lord to anſwer for himſelf.

Emily. Yes, madam, my lord will anſwer for himſelf.

Enter Lord Hartwell at one Door, and Tinſel at the other.

Emily. This, my dear Father, is the huſband deſign'd me by—

Sir R. Peace, fooliſh girl—did you ſuppoſe I ſhou'd not know my own ſteward again, becauſe he had chang'd his clothes?

Emily. Indeed, ſir, this is my intended huſband.

Sir R. What! marry my ſteward!—you mean ſpirited baggage!

Emily. Believe me, ſir, this is the true lord Hartwell, and the gentleman who has declar'd his paſſion for my aunt, is no other than his valet:—his reaſon for appearing in this family in diſguiſe, he will himſelf explain—*(turning to her aunt)* you will ſoon be undeceiv'd aunt.

Dor. Yes, yes, we ſhall ſoon ſee which is really a lord, and which a ſervant.

Enter Sam.

Sir R. Come here, raſcal, and tell me which is your maſter.

Sam. My lord, ſir.

Sir R. Directly tell me, without equivocation, which is your lord.

L. Hart. Speak, you raſcal, and ſpeak the truth, or you ſhall loſe your ears.

Tinſel. The annuity Sam. *(aſide to Sam.)*

Sir R. Come, ſpeak ſirrah—no coaxing, gentlemen, no coaxing.

Sam. (looking firſt at one and then at the other) Both.

Sir R. Which are you afraid of?

Sam. Both.

Sir R. Don't triflle thus, but ſpeak the truth boldly.

Sam. O, ſir, I cannot ſpeak the truth; for if I ſay one thing I ſhall loſe my ears, and if I ſay the other I ſhall loſe my annuity.

Sir R.

Sir R. Oh, Oh! is that the caſe? moſt likely then they are both impoſtors, and I ſhall have my houſe robb'd—here, John! Tom! Gregory! Hodge! Gregory, I ſay!

Enter Servants.

Sam. Hold, hold, ſir, 'tis an innocent frolic as I hope to be ſav'd.

Sir R. You hope to be ſav'd, you ſcoundrel!—cou'd you find no place for your frolics but my houſe?

Tinſel, Nay, Sam, this is not fair (I am betray'd and deſerted) ſince 'tis ſo, I will confeſs the whole matter, and make all poſſible amends by owning my true and lawful lord and maſter.

Sir R. You impudent raſcal! did you think you cou'd impoſe upon me with that phiz?—why I ſee the rougue in your face.

Tinſel. What the devil have I a looking-glaſs in my forehead!

Sir R. No reflections, ſir; no reflections.

L. Hart. Begone, ſir, to the duty of your ſtation; and if I am not thoroughly convinc'd of the innocence of your intention, expect no mercy.

Tinſel. I've not only loſt my title, my wife, and fortune, but my place into the bargain—I'll go hang myſelf—a rope! a rope! my kingdom for a rope! *Exit.*

Sam. I hope your lordſhip will forgive—I hope your lordſhip's good nature.

L. Hart. Follow your leader; and thank my good nature that you exiſt. *Exit Sam.*

Emily. I told you, aunt, we ſhou'd ſoon find which was the true lord Hartwell.

Sir R. But, Doll, you was in great haſte, ſure, to ſnap up this ſuppos'd lord—I'm afraid you forgot delicacy and decorum—a lover ſhou'd ſigh whole ages you know, ha! ha! ha!—but I hate to be rude.

Dor. Go, you provoking monſter! I deteſt you and your whole ſex; I diſclaim you all for ever. *Exit.*

Roſe. O faith, that's only tit for tat, honey!—for they have all diſclaim'd you a long while ago.

L. Hart. You'll excuſe me, ſir Richard, that I choſe to put on any diſguiſe to aſſure myſelf that I was not diſagreeable to your beautiful daughter, before I made an offer of my hand and heart; and be aſſured that——

Sir R.

Sir R. Hold! hold! I ſee the houſe fills with company—I ſent to invite, on the arrival of this ſham lord, to enliven us a little—egad, they come in good time—had they appear'd ſooner I ſhou'd not have known which to have introduc'd them to, my lord or his valet—when they retire I ſhall be glad to have ſome reaſons for your conduct—at preſent it ſeems to me to be a little in Doll's way, damn'd romantic—but you know I hate to be rude. Come, my girl, I here preſent you, I hope, with a good huſband, and be aſſured my bleſſing ſhall not be wanting.

Roſe. You may ſay that: a good huſband is a mighty pretty preſent, and a bleſſing into the bargain, honey.

L. Hart. Tell me, my Emily, is your heart like mine, all harmony, love, and joy?

F I N A L E.

Emily. What words can't expreſs,
You may read in my eyes,
For love to exceſs
Will admit no diſguiſe.

L. Hart. I told my fond tale,
And you pity'd my ſighs;
May love thus prevail
Over ev'ry diſguiſe.

Sir R. I hate to be rude,
But you're not over wiſe,
On friends to intrude,
With further diſguiſe.

Roſe. Thoſe friends to our cauſe,
I moſt humble adviſe,
To crown with applauſe
Our DOUBLE DISGUISE.

C H O R U S.

Thoſe friends to our cauſe,
We moſt humbly adviſe,
To crown with applauſe
Our DOUBLE DISGUISE.

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F I N I S.